

MEMORIES OF DUXBURY

By Roger Williams Jr.

Far off the sandy spit of land where stands proud Gurnet Light
Soft fog rolls westward from the sea, and clouds the starlit night;
And those who slumber fitfully this early summer morn
At intervals can faintly hear the weary, groaning horn.

But light winds from the southwest start to drive the fog away,
And soon the eastern sky foretells the splendor of the day;
Now strengthening daylight reaches out to touch the drowsy boats
That gently tug seaweedy lines, and sparkle topside coats.

On shore beneath the pines and elms, the cottages awake,
We hear the clack of plates and cups, the noises children make;
Another golden summer day for each one to enjoy,
An old man gazes gardenward, a babe grabs at his toy.

The yacht club will not stir to life until the afternoon,
It's low tide in that shallow bay, we'll see the bare flats soon.
A muddy clam sticks out its neck to find a tempting snack,
A king crab plows to deeper spot, lest hot sun scorch his back.

Though ebb tide beckons not, there are golf fairways, carpet-smooth
And tennis courts where restless souls that urge to hit can sooth,
For gentler ones, an old church fair a wealth of pleasure brings,
Still others shop at friendly stores, or pack their picnic things.

Comes afternoon, salt tide returns, up to the many sails;
On gunwale of an outboard craft a yachtsman sits and bails.
Indeed, for those of us who rate a swim as something dear,
The beach of Duxbury is famed as one that knows no peer.

In picturesque King Caesar Rd. fine homes 'neath old trees nestle,
Beyond, at end of Powder Point, there is a long, low trestle;
Cars rumble over loose bridge planks, past anglers on each hand,
At last they reach the outer beach, the glorious surf and sand.

An interesting, lonely place that one might well explore
Is on the dunes at Squish Head, removed from traffic's roar.
It can be reached by sail or power, on course across the deep,
Or by a longer, warmer route in chugging little jeep.

But now, the side of Gurnet Light is bathed in setting sun
The time to set sail is at hand, to make the homeward run;
As twilight falls across the bay we see beyond the steeple
Myles Standish, who, from granite shaft keeps watch o'er all
his people.